

## I Want You Bad by Luddleston

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**Summary:**

*“What in the world do you think you’re doing? Touch me, Bull,” he said, but he didn’t make any effort to cross the distance between them. Looked almost like he wasn’t going to do it unless someone told him to.*

*Unless Bull told him to.*

Bull and Dorian play a game, and enjoy themselves (and each other) thoroughly.

## I Want You Bad

### Author's Note:

- For [Joeltheweirdguy.](#)

This is a tumblr prompt that got WAY OUT OF HAND. But in a good way.

Title from "I Want You so Bad I Can't Breathe" by OK Go.

Bull knew he was getting some tonight from the minute he locked eyes with Dorian in the tavern. It was in his eyes, in the way he breathed in a little too shaky and downed his drink a little too fast. Bull was sure if Dorian hadn't been wearing such a high collar, he'd have been able to see a flush creeping up his neck when Bull stared back, his expression schooled into a lascivious grin.

Dorian approached his table with a little sway in his step—tipsy, then, but not drunk, and bent until his lips were nearly pressed to Bull's ear, well past the shame of being seen doing whatever the hell he was doing. “You remember where my room is?” It was an unnecessary question.

“Yes.”

“Meet me there. Ten minutes.”

Bull did as told, even though following orders wasn't normally his thing. Ten minutes was a long time, especially with a boner, and Bull planned exactly what he wanted to do to Dorian as he waited. And oh, it was going to be hot as hell. He was glad his one remaining eye worked fine, because he was going to want to see everything Dorian did tonight.

When he opened Dorian's unlocked door precisely ten minutes later, he found his lover already sprawled on his bed, naked, one hand flung back on the pillows and the other curled loosely around his cock. Made Bull glad he had a good memory. He'd be thinking of this weeks later when he was out

on the road with the Inquisitor and Dorian was back at Skyhold, or vice versa.

“Evening,” Bull said, voice low.

Dorian looked up at him slowly, not surprised he was there, even though he’d walked quietly. “Oh, good, you’ve arrived. Get over here,” he said, extending his free arm as though he could tug the Bull to him from across the room.

Bull shook his head, horns very narrowly missing an unlit lamp. “Not tonight,” he said, taking a seat in the overstuffed chair Dorian had hauled up from the library (probably with magic) for nighttime reading. It creaked under his weight, but he knew it’d hold. He sat back, lounged like he was still in the tavern, legs spread so there was no hiding the fact that he was nearly hard.

Dorian half-sat, propped up on his elbows. His cock curved over his stomach, like he was on display. Just the kind of obscene Bull liked. “What in the world do you think you’re doing? Touch me, Bull,” he said, but he didn’t make any effort to cross the distance between them. Looked almost like he wasn’t going to do it unless someone told him to. Unless Bull told him to. Good boy, Bull thought.

“I’m going to watch you get yourself off,” Bull said, his line of sight dipping from meeting Dorian’s eyes to watching the way his hands tensed and the way his legs shifted ever so slightly apart.

“And?”

“And what?”

“What are the rules of this game? I assume it is a game,” Dorian said, sitting up fully and readjusting the pillows so he could sit back and still watch Bull.

Bull sat forward. “You do what I say. You don’t touch me, and I don’t touch you. You don’t come until I do, and... your watchword?”

“It’s ‘Katoh’,” Dorian said, and Bull nodded curtly before relaxing back into the chair.

“Now. Do you keep lube in here?”

“Of course I do, Bull, I’m neither an idiot nor a savage.” Dorian bent forward, reaching for a drawer in his bedside table. He tugged the glass stopper out of the bottle he retrieved, but paused when Bull gave him a look. “Oh, right, you’re ordering me around. Though I’m certain I can guess what you’ll have me do with this.”

“Yeah, I’m sure you can, too,” Bull said, “but I like saying it. I want you to get your fingers wet for me, and fuck yourself.”

“You know, putting it that way is normally considered an insult,” Dorian said, but he was already coating the first and second fingers of one hand, the oil dripping down to pool in the space between his rings and his knuckles.

“Not stopping you,” Bull said, dropping his hand to his crotch, rubbing his palm over his still-clothed cock. Dorian pushed up on his knees, looking a little unsteady as he reached behind himself. “Hold onto the headboard,” Bull ordered.

“Won’t be able to face you.” Dorian’s breath was coming faster, and though Bull couldn’t see his hand, it was enough to let him know he’d gotten one finger inside himself.

“Alright, then,” Bull said, and he hauled the chair forward with a terrible scraping sound. “Put your hand on my horn.”

“Sort of bending the ‘no touching’ rule,” Dorian said, but he did as told.

“Rules were made to be bent,” Bull said. “You can put more weight on it, Dorian. I’ve taken enough blows to the horns to know you’re not gonna break ‘em.”

Dorian leaned on him more fully, and at this distance, Bull could see all the little lines in his lower lip when he bit it, and could practically feel his breath when his mouth dropped open again, chest heaving, as he added a second finger. Bull reached down to undo his pants, keeping his head still so he didn't accidentally dislodge Dorian.

"Glad this is actually—ah!—getting you somewhere," Dorian said, and Bull heard the scrape of his fingernails against his horn. He knew Dorian could come from just finger-fucking, but he also knew it'd be hard (ha! hard.) for him to get off like that if he was masturbating, rather than being fucked.

He let Dorian continue like this for a while regardless, watching the trails perspiration left on his chest, the way it matched the strand of precome dripping from his cock. He knew Dorian's fingers were coming just short of reaching his prostate from the way he shifted and moaned, half-bitten-off and frustrated, every time he pushed in and curled them. Bull wanted to kiss him, wanted to call off this whole game and put his hands and mouth all over Dorian's body, but he knew how good it would be to watch him, so instead, he asked Dorian to do it himself.

"Lay back," he ordered, "touch your cock."

Dorian did, eyes half-lidded, free hand playing with his hair. "You know, I might enjoy this more if I could see how much I'm pleasing you."

"That a fancy way of saying you want me to touch myself for you?"

"Astute as ever."

Bull leaned back in his chair and tugged the lacing of his pants open further. He liked the look on Dorian's face when he pulled his cock out, eyes lazy but focused, the corners of his lips curling to match his mustache. And now, what exactly was Bull to do with such a hot guy laying on the bed, willing to bend to his every order?

"Talk to me," Bull said, curling his hand around his cock, "tell me every nasty thing going through your head right now."

“I’m sure my dirty talk isn’t going to be as filthy as yours,” Dorian said, but his fingers tightened, and Bull knew he was into it.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ve got some dirty shit in that pretty head of yours.”

Dorian’s moan was something like a breathless exhale, and he trailed a hand down his chest, like he was desperate for some form of contact. “*Bull*,” he sighed, “the things you make me do. The things I make myself do, rather.” His grip on his cock was firm, but he moved lazily, like he was in no hurry to get himself off. Still a good actor, then.

“Do you even understand what you do to me? How hard it gets me, watching the way you fixate when you look at me. You analyze *everything*, Bull, it’s kind of annoying when it’s not directed at my cock, but right now...” and Dorian lifted his head to look at Bull, “...I could come right now.”

“You will,” Bull said back, his hand moving faster, toes curling in his boots. “Later.”

“You’re going to owe me so many kisses after this,” Dorian sighed, dropping his head back onto the pillows, his hair curling back, away from his forehead and his back arching, making the bottom curve of his ribcage stand out. Between that and his sharp hipbones, it was like his body was made to frame his cock.

“That’s a debt I’ll gladly pay,” Bull said, and when Dorian moaned, his fingers trailed up to his lips. Bull hummed thoughtfully. “You gonna suck on those?” he asked, and before the question was finished, Dorian had his middle two fingers in his mouth, forefinger and pinky framing his lips. Of course, as was Dorian’s intent, it made Bull think about how well he sucked cock, made him remember all the times Dorian had gone down on him. Not many people could do that for him, and Dorian had this sense of pride about it (it was admittedly a little fucked-up), and damn, if he didn’t look good with come in his mustache. Bull’s hips rolled a little just thinking about it, and he rubbed his thumb over the head of his cock.

Bull didn't have a lot of tells, but Dorian had fucked him enough times to know he was getting close. He was starting to make all those little grunting noises under his breath, and he had his thumb pressed to the slick head of his cock.

"You're going to come, aren't you," Dorian said, "if I could get my hands on you right now, it wouldn't take you long at all. A minute, maybe."

"What would you do to me?" Bull grinned a little bit, and Dorian could see him breathing hard, could see the way his free hand clenched on the arm of the chair, the way his head almost, *almost* tipped back (but it didn't, because then he wouldn't be able to see Dorian, and Dorian was a gift right now, spread out luxuriously on the bed and so hard, he'd passed up desperate a long time ago).

"Oh, I think I could probably straddle you in that chair," Dorian said, "I think it's wide enough." Just barely, probably, and his ankles would be tucked over Bull's knees, because they were already splayed against the arms of the chair—then again, Bull's legs didn't *have* to be spread quite so wide, he just did it because, well, it made Dorian want. "And I'd kiss you, of course, I've wanted to all night, anything to finally get you to do something else with that mouth."

"I can do a lot more with my mouth."

"Ah! Ah, yes, I'm aware," Dorian said, his fingertips pressed into his own chest, like he wanted Bull to pin him down, restrain him, and that was what got Bull in the end, not Dorian telling him how he'd sink down onto his cock while he was kissing him ("I'm still slick from touching myself, but it'd be *tight*, and *oh*, you'd like it") or how he'd want Bull's hands on every part of his body ("I'd need you to press me close to you, so there's no space between us anywhere, you'd do it, wouldn't you?").

When Bull came, it was because Dorian had hooked his wrist through the bars of the headboard, not just as something to grab on and anchor himself with, but so he could have something to keep himself from peeling straight off the bed and breaking Bull's rules to kiss him. He spilled hot over his palm, wiped it on his pants, and it was a testament to how far gone Dorian

was that he didn't make some comment about Bull's pants already being horrendous, and not needing to ruin them further.

His breath was ragged for a few moments, like after a good fight, like after a good fuck (which of course, it had been), and when he stood, the chair creaking, Dorian unwound his hand from the headboard, took Bull's arm and pulled, harder than Bull expected. Dorian wasn't strong enough to topple Bull of his own accord, but when Bull was post-orgasmically unsteady, it was enough to tilt him toward the bed at an angle that made it easier to just let himself fall, planting a hand in the mass of pillows so he didn't crush Dorian.

Bull gave Dorian the first of the so many kisses he owed him, and Dorian's body curled to meet his in a way that was sweet and vulgar at the same time, coming in the space between Bull's belly and his, making a mess of them both. Bull didn't think he'd ever felt Dorian's lips so insistent and needy, didn't think he'd ever been able to hear the whine in the back of Dorian's throat over the rush of his heart in his own ears.

They continued to kiss long after the afterglow should have faded, both lying on their sides, Bull's hand curled on Dorian's hip, his opposite arm under Dorian's neck. Dorian didn't even complaining about being sticky, he just tucked his ankle behind Bull's knee and smiled into their kisses. "Good?" Bull asked, propping himself up on one arm so he could reach down with the other to tug his boots off. Dorian clung to him like some kind of amorous lichen.

"Good. But don't get up just yet, I need to touch you, just a little longer."

"Yeah, yeah," Bull replied, settling back down, pressing his front to Dorian's again. He ran his hands over Dorian's back, pressing harder on places where he held tension, while Dorian gave him little sucking kisses along his collarbone. "How was that?"

"It was good, but I'm not sure I'll be able to handle you fucking me without touching me for that long again," Dorian said, palms hot and a little damp on Bull's chest.

“You were so damn hot.” Bull kissed his forehead, the tenderness of it contrasting his words.

“I always am,” Dorian replied, preening in the attention.

“You gonna be good if I get up to clean us off?” Bull asked, and Dorian nodded. When Bull returned to him, Dorian looked pleased, his tension dissolved away like sugar in hot tea. “Going to sleep?” Bull eased into the bed next to him, and Dorian obligingly shifted aside to give him room. His bed was smaller than the Bull’s own, but it fit them both if Dorian laid on the Bull’s chest, which he was only so happy to do.

“Yes, I rather think I need to, after that.”

“Night, Dorian.”

“Do wake me if you decide to go back to your room.”

“Will do.”

“Good.”

#### **Author's Note:**

As always, you can visit me on tumblr @weezna, or at my nsfw blog @seldula. I'm always open for prompts either place, but be warned, they might do this kinda thing and take a week to get done.